

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGLIS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

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VOLUME 58.....NO. 29,651

THE CITY'S PAVING PROGRAMME.

OF THE \$3,500,000 granted by the Board of Estimate for new paving in the City of New York, the Borough of Manhattan gets \$2,000,000, and not all of this \$2,000,000 is to be spent in the shopping and "company" sections.

The lower and business end of Manhattan is down for attention this time. Streets like Chambers, Centre, Nassau, Warren, Worth, Duane, Mercer, Houston, Oliver, Catharine, Monroe, Horatio, Front, Water and Vesey are promised the new surfaces that some of them have needed for more years than anybody can remember.

Streets under which new subways have been constructed will naturally require repaving; altogether it should prove a record year for smoothing ruts and holes out of New York's thoroughfares.

Upon one point let there be special emphasis: It ought to be possible before these new pavements are laid to compel every public service corporation to put its pipes, wires or tracks in such repair that there need be no question of ripping up the new surface for such work a few months after paving is completed.

New York has suffered enough in the past from confusion and chaos of that sort. There should be municipal authority sufficient to enforce the kind of co-ordination that will insure the speedy beginning and completion of all underground work when new pavements are to be put down.

High authorities have maintained that the condition of a city's pavements is a fair gauge of its civilization.

Part of the test should be the frequency with which it permits public service corporations to tear them up.

At this time of nation-wide economy New York ought to make a special effort to spend \$3,500,000 on improving its streets with efficiency and without after-waste.

When the great "German Trust" in America, consisting of steamship lines, lumber companies, woolen mills, chemical plants, lead pencil factories and beer, tobacco and sugar concerns—all of them German property, some of them in close relations with the German Government and most of them making enormous profits—is put up in parcels and knocked down to the highest bidders, maybe the Kaiser will be less confident about that restorative time in the sun that was to succeed the war, when Germany would again do business to her profit with the nations she has challenged and outraged.

BUYING FOR THE STATE.

THE attention of taxpayers is called to a measure recently introduced in the Legislature at Albany providing for the establishment of a State purchasing system, the aim of which is to save dollars in the spending of the public money.

The State of New York buys each year departmental supplies to the value of nearly \$9,000,000. Under the present system—or lack of it—at least one hundred and sixty-five distinct and separate officials exercise the purchasing function. The result is confusion, duplication of effort and a total absence of that centralization which any big private corporation would consider essential to economical buying.

State Comptroller Travis points to one of the worst features of the decentralized plan in the fact that under it from 60 to 75 per cent. of supplies are bought in the open market:

Buying the greater per cent. of purchases in the open market is a fact the advocates of the present system cannot uphold, and is directly the result of a lack of central control. One naturally cannot obtain quantity prices by open market purchasing. Buying in small quantities results in little competition, which in turn means retail prices. An organization buying millions of dollars' worth of supplies is entitled to something better than retail prices.

Stockholders in any private corporation would look at it that way. Taxpayers certainly have the right to expect the most up-to-date and economical methods in the purchasing of the thousand and one things the total annual cost of which they are called upon to pay.

Now that the Federal Government has become a buyer on an unprecedented scale it tends more and more toward the centralization of purchasing functions in a few responsible hands. The same policy—which a number of other States have already adopted—might well prove to the advantage of taxpayers in this commonwealth.

Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

No Chance to Do His Bit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I noted in your columns recently the letters of readers who complained bitterly of the failure of "stay-at-homes" to do their bit. Will some one tell me how to do mine? I have tried repeatedly to secure employment in Government work and have not succeeded. I have studied chemical engineering two years, have been a well trained clerk for four years more and have enough patriotism to give my country efficient service.

Wishes Russia Should Welcome Japanese.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read with great interest your editorial, "Bar the Road," in which you say "It may well seem unfortunate that a practical plan to keep German domination out of Asiatic Russia by sending a Japanese expeditionary force into Siberia should have been made to bristle with diplomatic difficulties and dangers." That should have been on the front page, where everybody could have seen it, as I am certain that you voice the sentiment of 99 per cent of the

people. In my opinion, Russia furnishes an interesting example to us with her forty different languages, half as many religions, and as many philosophies as all the rest of the world together. They are so strange—we have such people here, all sharing different views for the sake of being contrary. Now, if the latest Russian Government has not betrayed the Allies, it should welcome the Japanese. Quitters will never win the war.

Would Have Women Spend Vacation on Farms.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why not let all working girls or women offer to spend their vacation period on farms where help is needed? I am employed in an office, and feel that the change of work might be as beneficial as going to the seashore or country simply on pleasure. The trouble would be to find out where one could be of help rather than a hindrance, and where the surroundings would be safe, &c. It seems a pity that with our country at war we should spend vacations simply looking for a good time. Women and girls are especially helpful to know what is practical and sensible under existing conditions.

"Don't I Get Any Credit?"

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By J. H. Cassel



The Public Spirited Father

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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THE PUBLIC SPIRITED FATHER.

TWO prominent army officers are to be court-martialed as a result of the public spirit of a bereaved father whose son died because of alleged improper treatment at a military camp.

The father's investigation was conducted in a thorough and unimpaired manner. It was done in the interest of changing conditions to which his son was subjected. The whole work was carried on by him in the hope that his son's death would make things better for other soldiers. His efforts have not been made in vain. They were constructive and not revengeful.

So honest were the father's observations that the inspector's report states: "In fact, possibly every complaint made by the private's father was found to be true."

His was a splendid piece of work that will certainly improve things so that similar suffering will be saved many soldiers. Thus the death of this father's son will perhaps save many other lives. At least that must be a source of consolation to the father, and if there was only a little more such public spirit on the part of the individual many things would be corrected.

Most of the time people are worried with their own immediate world and will not take the trouble to prevent troubles for others. The general feeling is, "Why bother?" "What's the use?" "I can't bring the dead back," or "I am only one person and I won't be able to get by with it," &c.

THE KISS.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why not let all working girls or women offer to spend their vacation period on farms where help is needed? I am employed in an office, and feel that the change of work might be as beneficial as going to the seashore or country simply on pleasure. The trouble would be to find out where one could be of help rather than a hindrance, and where the surroundings would be safe, &c. It seems a pity that with our country at war we should spend vacations simply looking for a good time. Women and girls are especially helpful to know what is practical and sensible under existing conditions.

or "I'll have no influence." To all of this the answer is that if every one thought like this the world would be a very poor place in which to live indeed.

Where the case mentioned is one of life and death, there are many, many other ways in which service could be rendered to the public at large by just a little effort here and there.

The other day I saw a huckster abusing a horse as I was passing in a street car. A crowd had gathered. He was pulling the horse in such a way as to make it appear that the bit was hurting the animal. A young woman who was on the street car saw the situation in an instant, and got off the car at a crossing near the horse. She went right up to a policeman and called him over to where the small group had gathered. The officer was soon taking the name of the driver and the witnesses to the incident. The young woman had performed a bit of civic service.

Again, in the case of crowds, I have seen public spirited citizens demand the right of way for women and children. One of the greatest assets of being a citizen is to take a civic pride in the city and endeavor to correct abuses as they come along.

Our metropolis is often spoken of in other cities as one of the few places where there is no civic interest on the part of the citizen—lack of interest in the welfare of others.

The trouble with many of us is we leave it to others to correct our civic wrongs.

Our own interest would be better conserved if we shouldered a little of public responsibility daily as we find it.

Eskimos Wear Ventilated Costumes

Even in the Arctic Circle, there is danger of perspiring when the temperature is endeavoring to drop through the thermometer.

The colder the weather the greater the danger. Swathed in heavy furs, as the white man does, he may get overheated while traveling. When he stops to make camp, he will freeze in a very short time. Terrible sickness is the result.

The Eskimo has solved the problem of how to keep warm without perspiring, in a simple but original manner, as explained by explorer Captain Leden, in Popular Science Monthly. Instead of covering himself completely with Arctic furs, he leaves

some portion of his body partly uncovered. This allows the air to penetrate between his heavy furs and his body and ventilates his costume.

If the Eskimo woman from East Greenland remains out of doors for some time in the most severe part of the year, she covers the middle of the open space above her boots with belts of foxskin, but adjusted in such a way that she will get the necessary air ventilation.

In North Greenland, the men's suits have an open space around the waist, between the coat and trousers, while the Greenland tribes in Northern Canada wear wide, short trousers, which expose the knee and part of the leg to the cold air. The leg may be partly protected when walking or working.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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JUST to show that the sex is united, we are going to have a ratification meeting at the Hotel St. Crocus this afternoon," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "So if I am late this evening you will know the reason why."

"I do not know that I will," said Mr. Jarr. "Unless you tell me what it is you ladies are going to ratify."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Jarr. "All I do know is that because we got the vote we held meetings to ratify, and after we got the vote we held meetings to ratify. Then, when we voted, we again met and ratified, and now that we have elected four Congressmen—I don't mean women Congressmen, Miss Hamilton of Montana is still our only lady Congressman—still, everybody said we elected four by the votes of women—why, we are going to ratify again, whatever it means."

"It means there will be a big row among all the dames and damsels fair, I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Mrs. Jarr regarded him coldly. "I beg your pardon," she said. "But there will be NOTHING of the kind! All the old feminine animosities are gone with all the other littlenesses of our sex," as Josephine Huxington Blotch says. With the whole world at war, our sex is at peace."

This might have been true enough, in a larger sense, but at the ratification meeting Mrs. Jarr came right in upon two old friends with a grudge—Mrs. Mudridge-Smith and Mrs. Stryver. Mrs. Jarr was glad Mr. Jarr was not among those present to hear the clash that followed.

Not that there was any frontal attack or rough work, so to speak. No, the two old friends with a grudge attacked each other amiably and lizred viciously.

"What a stunning frock!" cried Mrs. Stryver, first to recover from the blinding. "But isn't it just a little high on one side?"

As Mrs. Mudridge-Smith was very touchy concerning one shoulder that was just a little higher than another, she winced. But only remarked: "Who has been eating spring onions, and to make it worse, endeavored to disguise the fact with heavy perfumes?"

Mrs. Stryver paled. This was a double shot going home. Mrs. Stryver had not been able to resist a craving for spring onions—but that had been at breakfast, hours ago. Some people are indeed too "nosy." "Are you sure it is, ah, perfume, or, ah, onions?" she asked. Of course

Stories of Spies

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
No. 4—"MACABEE MARIE," Funston's Filipino Spy.



MACABEE MARIE.

ER name, to-day, is lost—except perhaps when a group of old time "Caribaoes" meet to talk over their fights. Yet, years ago, many columns of newspaper space were devoted to her exploits.

She was known to our men in the Philippines as "Macabee Marie." Gen. Funston promoted her to a position on his personal staff and valued her as one of his very best spies.

Marie was a Filipino woman—well educated, fine looking, fearless. In the days when the Philippines were still under Spanish rule, her husband was one of the leaders in a native insurrection against Spain. In a battle with the Spaniards near Hailang, in Luzon, her husband was killed. Marie was fighting at his side when he fell at the head of his men. At once she snatched up the dead man's sword and took command of the native troops, urging them on to victory.

After that, as long as the insurrection lasted, she wore her husband's uniform and served as a Captain.

Soon after the United States took possession of the Philippines another native revolution broke forth—this time against the Americans. The revolt was headed by Emilio Aguinaldo, who cost our country much money and many lives before he was at last captured.

Marie received a commission as Captain in Aguinaldo's army. Once more she donned a uniform and performed brilliant feats of valor. Then an odd grievance made her renounce her allegiance to the native cause and become one of the staunchest friends of the Americans. Here is the story:

Aguinaldo tried to stir his less valiant officers to a false courage by declaring he would pay fifty pesos to any such officer who was wounded in actual battle against Uncle Sam's troops.

Marie the day after this generous offer was made, was wounded while she led her men in a skirmish against the Americans. At once she sent in to Aguinaldo a request for her fifty pesos.

Before any reply could be received she took gallant part in another battle and received two more serious wounds.

At this rate she was due to become richer than any local profiteer. She cancelled her first demand and sent Aguinaldo a bill for one hundred and fifty pesos—fifty for each of her three wounds.

Aguinaldo had always been lavish in the matter of promises. But he had a bad habit of forgetfulness when it came to making good on his pledges. He curtly refused to pay her one hundred and fifty pesos—or indeed any money at all.

The woman, wounded now in mind as well as in body, swore a great oath of vengeance against the swindler. As a first step in the fulfilling of her oath, she joined the American Army.

Here she quickly proved her value. As a secret service agent she was a treasure. She had an almost uncanny influence over the natives. She could wheedle them into telling her anything she wanted to know. And she would carry such information straight to Funston.

Sometimes disguising herself as a man, sometimes as a ragged beggar woman, she wandered at will through the Filipino Army, picking up all sorts of facts as to its plans and movements. Her news often saved the Americans from the perils of a night attack. Still oftener it told them how to checkmate one of Aguinaldo's most crafty plots.

She seemed to bear a charmed life. Aguinaldo was never able to catch her. Nor were any of the men to whom he offered glittering rewards for her capture. Marie, by way of change, used to go away upon little expeditions on her own account.

Price on Her Head. She heard that the Americans wanted to disarm as many of Aguinaldo's men as possible, knowing new rifles were hard to obtain in the insurgent army. Therefore, she would go out of the American camp at dusk, returning at sunrise with a great armful of Filipino rifles. This she did night after night. No one could guess how she got the rifles, and she never volunteered to tell.

Once she rescued two of Uncle Sam's sergeants from a band of Ladrones that ambushed them. This she did by emptying her two revolvers into the assailants and holding them off until the sergeants could get at their own guns.

On May 4, 1902, the following press item was sent out from Washington: "Macabee Marie," known to every soldier in the Philippines as one of the shrewdest spies in the American service—is dead!"

She was killed by a band of Ladrones while on a mission to capture a Filipino leader.

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